

2 V573.1



And clouds of darkness fill the skie, And all they beauties quiex are fled When glowing in the mornifair light When thunders rundle through the stoy So how us that then once hust here Of all the buddening flowers green In seeing some white word lying on a coffin But Hough no trace is left behind Though no memonds we can find Thou bender I soon thy brooking head Like her all beautiful and bright And lets the has that paints her cheek And quick the vivid leghtoungs fly But when the Hoims of night weeze Whore life is but a songle day the conblems of that being muck ye fruit mementees of decay, Concluded on the next trage From Fine Proof My 21, 1934 V 573:1 18-

But when we see away Without a tea while morning last And never hall her grave be past The youth when they come to be agod Free Nothing mosselvis seen But the stalk on which it duelt Albo of vertex pure and kind The Rose is an emblen of beauty Their beauties all wither away, We leave behind a glorious name But its beauty fade in a day get the to withas left behind If we we heen good and wise I warne that never fies. When The Rose, dees away And leaves so very green The Rose.

1884

On the death of Me Balches son

I neer could thought that he could die I saw a bright and happy face I saw a doach and spatching up His every movement formed with grace

To all around him he was dear. His praise could be this tuneful worse fell on my case Her raven hair in ringlets hung

When he had drawn his latest breath the sparkling eye was demined in heath His pasents were beseft of you But soon he did that noble boy

Forsow and grief their bosons fill But though they grieve for their dear son They have subsmitted to his will And say "Oh food they will be done

They grow avound on every nide . First flower of Spring they bush appiear To welcome in the early year The chay Flower.

When nought but green doth meet high When in the field I walk at noon. I love to smell thy sweet prefume I love to see thy buds so white X

That The where you the first to fade. That age succeeds the fairest gouth But now alas I know in truth

4

My fourneys done, all but a mile! I see my children on the run I see meet their happy sire: My nufe and I are harry blest; of morrow is a day of rest. And darkness hides the setting sun AS & jump the shile My heart feels light My heart feels higher What more can we desire! Mo more Ill roam. 15 chalunday might.



Fair child with seven locks Child hood.

Blown on the beseze

I hear Thy merry hough the treed

Ence I was gay as you I here I was young I house like you to play

I loved to shout aloud The grand umong

Jome children talk

That hear the sound return Krom some high rock

In search of summer flowers

And laden with my prize

To rample in the woods Ok would I were a child Unce more again

The time when I was gon 16. Oh would I ould I could recall and scous the plain

Mother there which somed to moch Have not the praise that are due " while hell inquese. gon from heir row There bung when a stander stalk, Hound a hale and frague of Course. as courtes maid or which ting by " raid to it; "in more" your letten Flill and stewy mounings shower; Der bright was pure for earth, But now See hier or from The Of face, Mongh Low ly tell. A held its eveningon head hefore The snow drops humbles bell, of the ways at said to it; no my from the state of the source to The souther Low Gy meens. There of it is that haughty price of the free of order of the second of The Inoudest. erse jus a take

Mis formis.

The Mis side rolled the engulphing wave On that the dostroying fire-But see the reached her mathers armio All Three had suns, and head! Love for its mother east out pear; But left one child behind Some floating weach to pend, At last she reached a cotton bale, The specing from of the sessels side, Was her heart cheep desire; I tale of grief could tell; Of which someony of our friends Wish mingled joy and pride. Be save her children dear from death Children on whom should fen looked Which all Swas on What dreadful might " we children by her side; remember will;

Muches in the

Mes Jornes ..

The state for and peride.

"I will dren dear from heath

"I will he holled the ongulphing wow,

Then in despair she looked around The spening from of the wessels side, But exe the wearted her mothers armin But left one child behind. All three had contrant dud! I have she reached a cotton bale, Of which do many of our friends Which all Swas on Mat dreadful night. for its mother cart out pour The by her side; rementited will; took whom the dock,



the next returning to my home Fras rather dark and I alone The Usphane

1/5

In Hal Line langing ground The place it care from nas bekind The sound nas borne dong the wind of heard a nailing sound

efly home and busines were forgot

We the nosy check and eye of blue Lud This I saw a boy & knew

of Store and as ted him why he wied" Tuck why a crow that years to he ! The nows I heard was with he gone He lay actors a new made y law For the was very sad



I sat beneath a rustic bower, Whose sides with mantled ity hung; And flowers whose fragrance filled the air Were growing round the grass among. I could not bear to leave the sport So fraught with lovliness and grace, For every time Slooked around Some well known spot did mem'ry trace. My father and my mother sat Not long ago beneath this fower; And I their only, darling child Ebeguiled there many a wear, hour.

The Faires.

When I was young I used to think, That Gaires lived and played unseen; And often did I sit and wish, To see them sporting on the green.

And often have I sat and picked The a corn ball from out its shell; And thought I then had made a house, In which the Jairies all could dwell.

And I have thought that I should like To find one sleeping in a flower; I hat I would take and bring her home, And keep her with me from that hour.

My less ons all at school she'd tell, Whateer was hard to spell or read, chind she alone should be my friend, Who gave me help in time of need.

Or mossy grot, or fragrant bower, Or my spot I loved so well;

My thoughts will stany to earlier days, To childhood's brighter, happier hours; When dangers never crossed my path. And all around seemed streamed with flowers.

e llythe need return from when he was Al cas when stais were hunnifueght I thought Juschanes a merig heart A Hought when them goto mind of the shore. I did not the shore. After a file of the shore of the of the shore Grateful for such con flows and lan Slany might look for him in vain. But he would nice we turn again But soon we speed to have our way And muss song May gove They asked the valow for a song The notes of it protoky were satisty nound Reflected in the wave And many things I saw that day anidat Mat Suy Hang The sail or seeing a Tong The grad wat wat with down went to sail one sum mee day We went so early in Miconson The breezes blew us swiftly on The thy was brightest blue The Jail.

And go and hide it in a noch;
And there I saw him hide the whole.
Which hilling from the longlishe took. And quick departs from you wordy. 15 And gone are all the fruits and flowers, Improve cach moment as it flies, And thought that he had naught to do, But gam bol round from day to day. Nor edly waste the Naturn day. When outs no longer outh befound, ten from the squerielathic play; I watched a squirrel full of play; And then I faind be war at work, graviding for the winder, hours; And now I can a moral drow But soon I sawhin take a nut, Running along a verdant oak, The Squirel

The smilled and knowed me ton. lind with her hand whon my hond and said my mothers bured here" Rund while he spoke the fourty has Fell from his eye of blue I but The died but yesterday

My home with him be Haved " That he should go and hive with me, That twas a bles sed thing to bee" "If he was good that he should see I told him that " must not esy

He less those graves among. To your whom he had often prayed While he was here my gifts to Share. But then it was not long He was heride his mother laid And Willy well repaid my one

othe Hickory

Hours half hid mid leaves of grieve. found it growing in a bower The trolol of prietly flaves. The prettiest I think I've ren

It did not ruise it head with pride ch's factor fleaver there me is found And seem to say to all who pussed And proceedly look asound

To weed among the moung teams From Ly the Meantell sede. Bul though it was to pretty It termed to want to hele

And then Thought me ill majed leaven had Through my left be neer forget The mill trangell deson of That hours 9 alpen , rear that lumple flower

She Fath finder.

chi if the stillment of the ans the brandy treed to mock. How will he thands like god of Ald Enil in the marble rock;

The other spring down; Where gaying with a fraume;

And looking round hum for the hath Of beeches spreading wide,

If you but hush the bush and of Thid search around assurer; Asour thee , humber, from hy nest;

And though they're far away from them shew They know their friends remember. And this is why my little maid Upon the barren Soveling sand, Because six, all their dearest frends This true, this true my lettle maid; Wherever they may be, Where's they chance to roam, Are in that well loved shot; The se is no place like home Why de travellers long for it When I asked a cottage gest, to on the raging sea, When abroad they roam. heave like home,



Stanger.

Oh say shall I then be forgot? When few or more shall know the spot When passed by many a careless tread When tury is heaped high over my head (B)

Who once was full of joy and mish? Stand ask what means that mound of earth Well no me stop when having by Will no one tell them I There lie (2)

Mristin the shot where I shall be that will purchance a heartfellingh And I shall know I still as deal is also a sad regretful toal

25



Down amid the virduit leaves Where its web the spider waves The Manchery is found The Strawberry.

Trowing low amid The fields The courty hand they berry pietes A feast which all invite

Thene image is light behind a heat loused objects we find Rimain almost the last.

27

In evely Robins note On every springing blade ear. God is near. In every repend

In every rippling brook In every streamlet clear. In every oceans roar. So whispered for is mean.

In all things that were made. That a hispers for is near. There is a still small words Bo comfort as to choca

I not a here you see you habiling brook for very from out its swelly work work weether a mean in caloud content. Thank his for every himmed white they scatted look his once chair sight. Where swant oft linger in the shade For you have of mores as ound It came supports his trembling feet which in her youth were stoons and faction his one would think almost grave wild and you would think the near was still In hummed ong and heleanant hours
Hes anglish grant org in the wind
with they have their collags for hehead
chas be the see theysen there was When soud on the dalmon a soull she sure for on the fixe To ward hence of in highler skeep, Thus hive they there in earn sery Wastery dile Death should class their eye bened to mest thou javarite unged The sid they go at might to rest. Till such is prayer to god addited . Theel on tolad by hos in season of All and min Content. home before the close of dus gos (clave

Our deeds are all remembered.

And marked how each had left notrace And have seen the average hold ligh I have stood by the sandy beach To show it had been by.

But Hough the Villous Lane nothace And of our lye takes the account. Though no one nambers the amount got god remembers all our ways

And all our moments well emplyed We shall obtain That great reward that if our life has been well spent of rest forcrer unalloged in.

34. With holy bles sings To learn note be bless To live here us we sught Gallano at Sife Thant close of the that what is half of hall con derive theke to rich and To hear the preacher hell The and When They promeasthe depast. Blest we she have in heart the heart CH - thatan Rollingion dover his leads. 1226 all it beings repose Meath. comes a day of rest congethe rador in bear ill his ourses and uncles Rud found his for a carry wound us how to know 1001 911100 wind 7110 motgirins 8.77 h frood fraught are lood with abound took feard

The Summess walk.

Thoused me the place where wild hill sung. These foliage green in mantles hung Which waring shaken by the breeze Iwalked beneath some shady trees

Absork & an selpling Through The grave Its mulie filled the sellent ace And I sat down a song to sung The I loved to langed there.

Al, had Alig noblest was halone. And all bild him Their bougs ile saise 196 nature praises thee my God Before thy everlaiting throne.

The that.

Who looks below my deeds to see. It seems like some departed friend Looks nightly down on me From the high beavens a tworking star

Look clown whom us from above To think that all departed preends I radiance to that watch of love From every star whose bughtness lend

It is a very pleasant thought My friends are growfied together there, And one I cherish with much care To think when starlight nights swalk

The fate of Dischedience.

which well melined though rither wild Hos many a sock and stone he throwthe on a time of how, a cheld A fair as mostal eves hucu.

The pear his mother him rould chide I saw him when he weshed to play Assaid to yo yet lett to Hay Journ by the rivers side

And had not thengthe that widthoulk The child was draw wed in sight of aid He went, the full he had I hope Will proud a maring rate to all

Wheel I remember the wide spreading elm Which shaded the cottage wherein I was born And Mough fat an ay from the decemes of my childhood I remember the objects of lefer early morn.

The cows from the pastures down by the river Laid down in they strade in the hot sultry noon of the children of farmers of there have gathered To pursue their gay sports by the light of the moon.

And oft have I climbed high up in thy branches ched studied my less on for many an hour Or else I have got there to eat un molested. Or to keep safe possession of fine fruit or flower.

Aus made us am we ment for many a night thind by resp of a push from an arm full of stringth High up in the air we have taken our flight.

Oftentimes full of yee we have gathered together cht seedline and harvest from sillages sound While the aged sat down or reclined in the shade The young ones have danced lightly over the ground.

There image I keep impressed on my treatcland hough far away from the home of my childhood. That well beloved image will never depart.



But gentle Buff I'll rice forget With her white and yellow fur ; 38 Into the yard their day they sent. The dragged her from her laie. And soon he killed my polled out . The met her mounded end, Mashing her snowey head. . And left her lying dead Who on the moin industrious sat Techaps a cat grove stall get. Far handerner than her One morning staying on the grass Two long with cruel arm interno The was x faithfull friend Expect her lying There My cat is dead Imonar her low Buffi Elegy.

Her copose was on now.

But Mough my Buffum Thave Lost—
Sut Mough my Buffum Thave Lost— Her corpse was on the river cant

Harmony Graw.

May soon le stiff behealt this ground And Those who now are unthing round Luch be the place where I shall be In peace when I am called to die Remeath thy shade where wild binds fly That let the wild lowers gently nool Their fells above the sook free me a place up by the spring Ort long from now I to muy be Where I now hear the Robin wing

For you could have no other sound And every then yours still Except. The busy mill. And many mut time grew as owned One Faturina day a one Hound Twas lying on the rocky ground The Cone.

And in the Spring it changed it form The cone was plastered nice and warm Do beef its ledge safe from harm that every westling wind Ind left its cone behind Lecuse from seary wanty storm

But though in the grave his body lees We know That man must dec and in that humble wirels rise We mount with him to fame skies And as the light at everyong flees



And stide way drawn begind the shore, Oh John de lake your sled and come And us can sit on you der hill The frond is projen hard all our The Sleding Party.

For far tivill cause her great abarn Thay Etrasley wait Till I can get it thind he hasa your self behind the basa your self behind the basa

has fear 926 fall and hust me there of those of mot so have This fraid to have me on the ece Along with all the other boys

And Charles prayed for to let him go Then both of them went to the house Johns mother come outside the door Thell let you go John when she hears If that said Charles is all she from That there is not a mite of harm. I'll soon relieve for from alain

43 Deported Worth. your father was both good and wilk, Ind was my father then so good ? To shough so young to un decestores; "Mar your new see should die -Louis on seeing a protices or lost be though so many years well by. Copy his nivities will my child, This type he light behind of m But his a selfest thought ! He was his mothers joy. As she from tex to the grace With mar ble at its head. Those up the lettle boy, Here Lees departed worth, Benevolent, and Rend Hell never be forgot " The lender mother said ,

The methers arm was round his nech, And still upon the grave he gazed. He falter by there The breeze theen back his hair .

He Look his mothers hand and ouid; At last the try turned wound to go, And with a brushing sigh My father dear good ty, "



I haised my write to stop her flight.
But she had warrined from my sight.
Jes, she had fled! I strayed along a woodland glads. The raised her head and row me then, The brought to mind some found bught. I seemed from a world of light, Is spied a child, a cottage girl, With golden haie, and teeth of pearl, Her neck was white as writer snows, Her left were like the opening some, When dowdeeps glisten on the Moers. I hook a walk one rabbath moun, Decendeng to the shady glen; Her arms of lily hure. Down by the look. Her eyes were thie, The lottage maid To fair was she;

M. W. W. 16 The greatest blessings When not puzed The gru chest vanish from our eyes;

The Rainlow.

Facther than beed on weary any can fly Bught arch of light that the sky To realms of light.

Of God the God of the the An amblem sule

In him who steetched that each of high In him who need that die Heard child of dust. Intall your trust

And rise from out the ton to. The Howers wriech. Late my hath have crost Till Turnmeis run again, Mall warmen And husbed be every beating Alorm. And Hick that more from were nade you When every Hower hath raised its head. With renovated from Then the sume walks again Ill troad Are dead and withrood by the frost Vice the luma. I have made gogs are part-The leaves and flowers are fating fast The leaves the fallon point the trees Are dancing rustled by the breeze No mounds nose Thall live from all ilevity As if in play . etutumu.

Hast hushering curvard to decay. Our lines are like the summer flowers Are flashing fast away, your happiest hours turing on fair get, Ahridhood.

Ere childhood's pleasures passes by. Thefore these golden maments fly , but likes bright page is dank and dream While life is bright and dear twent in.

on pleasure in abes horse new toft Ich way moment pead as juice . While Measure speardes in there yes While health flows thenough your of wind en check,



The Boatman's Song.

et colon and bull ant light is shed. And on Hu naters far and wide The moon is shearing over head. How swiftly in the waves I ghide.

Il hich drings me to the rocky shows. When have the boat I ruise my one. The witer looks like deamonds bright. source have muched lines raped flight

My daughter Lette by her side. to go again with mornings tide. With one more full the shore I'll reach.

Take buch on species. And whomase it received to childhout The as the evenings thades dien nights There is a sweet and fragravil Howers, Ind Though no founds you now can To see this thering. Thirt Course grown weld in any places If ned I have watched to see its gold Which only offer at cornings hours. of Eway, at ove it leaver un stold The evening Franciscoe.

Il here was the seres, who or council. Bruned on this heath? The Chieftand Larnent.

Above Hear graves Me voor naw waves Thus spoke a chief.

Theough four of haven from white man and arm This while would some more of his race In their wild home,

I have way warnes stood deep in the wood, obset he whose could only grown of the Music said lot: Town fill the shot.

"Forest good by souce more & fine Older my home where I see some " Tiver as the wind;"

53 :

Walthand Buelly.

He seased e un more his steps along The roads well bester track He has a bundle on his back. There gas a traveller along

cho dors I unclosed no priendly vorce But on, unnoticed and alone Invites him There to stay He plads his weary way

And from the road the traveller steps aside But haske the sound of which is heard Who looks at him with soom and firede. To let the rich man's carriage pass

While Minth where is it chance blin And children san to see him on his way. And on he goes through smiles and rods Thus Joselly dothe always walk To entruit his honores there to stay Will find a private, a bours. New doors are part in every note. Lefes rugged hill alone

Whoever love the found sea I love to nouse, I love its road Low Mat which is beloved by me Asit willy dasher on the shore . The Lea.

I love it for it deep blue waves
I love it for it coe'd caus
I love it for its calm repose
When the surking own ser its water glows

That may in hack or safe may lay, I have it for the hardy ever And when it storms In atch and pray

The snow is calling tast around; The grass is covered with a veil f white, The flowers are dead upon the whitened ; round, And nothing green or lovely meetsmy sight.

Minter was come indeed with frosty hand ofnd icy breath to dose the parting year, withing before his withining south can stand, But all without looks desilute and drear.

While we within our homes are douthed and ked focuse from every noted and pièrcong blast go try and help the poor we should be led fry and a more the rillion them cast,

Dear dence fames pray tell as why To many flowers grow on the land other why there are so many hues Pray make is children understand? The reason why God made different flowers

Be quiet Lucy wait my time of will try this thing explain Think you two done to gwe us pain! ethed bell me what you think yourself

"The sincle no I never thought Why different flowers grewdown the law That god designed to give us pour

My dear Ill tell you what I think Itile we should be content with our The senson for made lifferent flowers that though we award the fewest kinds

which was and food hid them moder the That they gave unto Jacob all the Strange gods which in their hand, and all thin earnings which

Lalled all his men and thus he spoke Bary them deep beneath un oak Juke all your cold your of gold

Robert the people of His sin And broke the chiru that held their fast Turnet we by 90 do like him I he in harbarous ages pasit

Mosav off the chair That trieds us fast Nos for our sins be made to mest, Joseph the essons of the past In in Oblivior busy dech

A streamlet san one summer more And thought that once for pleasure water From out a mountains sude I would down the mountain glide. The Stream let

It sow the fragrant flowers. ctrul winding down the mountain side And Then through shady bowers. Third in it ran through morey beds

And it the Mataltee all two not et were pleasant land. But now it comes to rugged rocks

From Monce twould never room Thought it would reple time and turning back from whence came And when it reached the mossy ,



Out washing one bush use a gilder cage the flower transplanted from its native soil Kemembers The words where it flew

the a westerned shaw who toils all day the fettered presones in his glowing cell. The for take free Remambees his nature gles

other longs to escape from so more a some To the send though confined belowing with Renomber from whence I were etand regain its native heaven

The fathath bell

Up lye gove times I hour it lets, chin all that one was deat. 16 -ack I far the salbalk heir

here are none now who by and rell, Hart for the subbath bell Cornes pealing on my sas; The day is sacred here.

Is tolling house and deep ; some of huell of one to his last, long sleek. peous heith it same to tell: resions bught and face. Stand for the sablath hell giark! you the sabbath bell

Come wounding long and londs, office we not be here From may that saldath bell

The Part of

A hear . I seemed fet place for it to du ill Beneath a honey suckle bower let it from out a bulger bold When searching round for many a frewer I saw in child hood happy hour What morter neer had seen It was a fairly queen.

It whether it and the house of where I heard a nowie wit had gone by) Their lovery conduce that It But who there it had been all a dream ist not wangs it had for it could be Il syco were blue as sam mer sky Like the tinkling of a seel eto men de ver cours lete



or. The little Peasant.

The more above reas skining bright On a maiden small but fair To look on her was a pleasant sightwith her curly of laven hair.

An empty basket on her arm Her fruit and flowers are sold And the reassalist she may meet with harm and core her well earned yold.

Looking around her the while 'Sile safety she got across the waste . And witched the well known stile.

And trappy fell that tille maid the she ofed the collage door And she forgot she was one upraid Is she stepped a cross the place.

And her gold her in other's wants relieved And her gold her in other's wants relieved And she wifed away her leaves.



. + Malle.

Ere . The sun to the mest had stores had

other sixtes to the fields with my priends I had are stall be so the swind blow me his thy a long of one of he had and with his swelcime in one of the same lied along with joy and with ghe of one hoop of fairs, more happy how were side, we reached the green filterward the swelpment.

And we must bid field, flowers and Hobin good by offen no hist to our loves units pay and with give tell. The moon had awoon tugh up in the shy

must waste our minday het. With monday comes a week of laid And June of go and dig the soil Be intersuft our pleasant While syen

Har Male friend it says who seek But though we took Mison of all the noise the contract and ford at last

The Stroopeet. It is from off our hell And since I have lived here A pleasant prospect lies Houses have reser in view Below the greenest fields Where weedand fields and grass Above the bluest skies. ett ferst I only knew. A rues solls bet ween Thas pleasanter before Its waters slowly on When only fields dere there But we cannot always & And on the right a collage slands By the side of a verdant lawn. On what we think most fair And on the left is heard The ever busy mill And nearer down just by Meturn Is pleas ant bart tonville.

A Thought.

And no more tears you then could trace. M. I could true her once agains of that her loved enflaces, but her hours of the sight would harrishallowy pairs

To feel that the wished is gone, by some, of how all she loved and cheerinhed here. And I am left, so and and love, Jeannot stop the falling tear!

Draw near the door step great and small And I will scalled with a felenteous house Thus syring who littled every sail, here of so a seed a header of so a fearer of the forest would miss being by our fear that here would miss being The pange at will the field of heaven; It ough thou decented on the easth, I have decented on the easth, Nor Ith has beingleft wome behind; of Enough to feed all the Hoves in the land? And when each dove had drank the Thus spake a little o ottage girl, of My pretty down to you is gruene or Gather around my window all, Lines to at Dove.



